

against the locked windows like a fist. As in a nightmare
I scream at you
to forget, for once, about that big deal death of yours

& come to me,
sit beside me & talk to me, keep me
company back to Berkeley. "Look at me," I beg you,
tears rolling down the Sierra Watershed to the Pacific

(at precisely the speed limit, I suddenly notice!)

Oh, boy! You see how it goes,
why there's no pulling off the road,
the chance you take

of getting caught
in a laughing jag
& having to tell
the investigating officer
("...subject was apprehended in the act of catharsis...")

the joke: that as long as you obey the law, then
no matter hell or high water,
there's not a cop in the universe can touch you.

-- Donald Schenker

Berkeley CA

Make It Or

Been working up to
here last 14 years.
Now it's make
it or break it.
Woman who believes
in me has been
gazing out sides
of her eyes lately.
Dead weary of talent
& promise.
Faith wears only so
long same as love.

Xmas Is Over

His parents have gone home.
They lie in bed
both nite lamps on.
She's balanced far
over on her side afraid
of catching his flu.
It's late. She dozes....
He considers touching her.
Knows not too.
She jerks violently.
What's wrong he asks.
I fell she says.